



THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW.

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR JULIUS CAESAR HANNIBAL WASHINGTON.

LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN. — "By pe'ticklah rekwest"—as de 'wortiments says—I shall on dis occashun, 'spress my sentiments on de marridge law made by de Pa'liment men at Ottywah de uddah day. I feels myself most highly congratulated at habbin' so many ob de lect ob de bewty an' de larnin' ob dis community to lissen to me, and I hopes to be able to depart to dem a little construckshun on dis werry impo'tunate and interestin' kweschun. (Applause.)

We natly 'specks de Pa'liment men to do wot are fayah and reasonable. Dey orter to be all knowledgible an' sensible men. One orter to hab werry good reasin to be M. P.—dat are mighty proud—to be able to put M. P. arter his name. But dis heah new marriage law are bofe unfayah an' redik'lis. It on'y 'lows a pusson to marry his diseased wife's sistah—dat are to say purwid she will marry him—a most impo'tunate pint, faw it take tew ha'ts dat beets as wun to make a propah marriage. He kant marry any uddah of her relatibs, for dey is fuddah 'way from him, yer see, we is undah de laws of Britting 'cept wure owah laws is agin dem. Well, de laws of Britting says dat a pusson kant marry de same relatibs of his wife as his own dat he kant marry. Neaw, de on'y pint on witch owah laws is agin de marriage laws of Britting an dis, dat a pusson kin marry his diseased wife's sistah—subjeck to de condishuns aforesaid, as de law-yah fokes says. De new marriage law ob Kanidy dount 'teckt her uddah relatibs. Conseki'ntly, he kant marry any ob dem, toe de tew may lub one unuddah as much as any lectle fokes ebbah lubl 'lasses candy. 'Low me to debate a fact aw tew faw yaw confirmashun. Sam Jousing hab marrid his diseased wife's sistah. De law say dat are all O. K. Well, Pete Jones went to de gen'laman wot sells de marriage liscense an' he says to him, "I want a wot-d-ye-call-it to help me to get a wife." "Werry good," says de liscenser, "am she de-lated to yer?" Pete says, "she are de sistah's daughtah ob my Sinty dat are no moah, but dat are nuffin'." "Ah! it am suffin', I reckon," says de gen'laman, "I kant gib yer a liscense in dat case." "Why not?" says Pete, "she are no blood relatib ob mine, 'sides Sam Jousing hab marrid his diseased wife's sistah dat are nearah him dan her sistah's daughtah wot o' bin, I guess." "No mattah faw dat, sah," was de ansah, "de law doant 'low it." "Well, wot is I to do?" says Pete, "Liza are sitch a nice gal. She lub me, an' she wud be so kind to my po' muddahless chillen." Po' Pete's awls of wision looked as toe he had eaten a good deal ob musta'd, an' he draw'd de back

ob his hand obah dem. "Ise sawy faw yer," says de gen'laman, "but it kant be helped. You must jis' look elsewhayah. 'Seek fresh fields and paschaws new,' as dey says. Dere am as good fish in de sea, my fren, as ebbah kom out ob it." Den Silas Brown he tried to git a liscense to marry his diseased wife's ant. He knew she lubd him, an' he t'ought she wud be so defickshinit to little Mary his on'y chile. But all no go. He was ser'h'd 'zactly de same as Pete Jones was. Heah den, yer sees, one pusson kin marry his diseased wife's sistah, but anuddah kant marry her niese, and anuddah kant marry her ant. But de fust am nearah a pusson dan enny ob de uddahs is. Derfaw, as I said at de beginnin' ob my distress, de new marriage law are bofe unfayah and redik'les. If enny pusson tinks he kin kant obah my argifyin', this indiwidewil wud like to see him do it.

Neaw, befo' I inklewd, I wud say a wud to de gen'laman befo' me dat is on'y single pinks. Yer is hoddahd not abrowt de wife's sistah, but abrowt de wife. Well jis' look at dese bewtiful an' intelligible young ladies here presint dis eb'nin'. If yer haime made yaw chice, take one ob dese howahs ob de lumnin race to yaw home. She will make yaw home so lubly. Doant let dem all waste dere sweet-niss on de desert ayah—as somebody says, I dis'emembah who. Ah! my deah white young ladies, I sees dat ver put yaw handkerchers to yaw visages to hide yaw blushes. Dem blushes is bettah dan de roozh yer kin buy at de 'potticary man's. De ladies of my own cullah kin blush unscen wifout usin' handkerchers. If I were a single pink, werry possibly I would ofah some one ob you myself wif all my woolly goods and chattels (*smiling most sweetly, and bowing most gracefully.*) Neaw none ob yer needs to toss her head an' pont her cherry lips as toe sayin' she wud not lub me. My dear young ladies, I asshaw yer dat yer might go fuddah dan de po' P'ofessah faw a kind, lubbin', defickshinit husband an' fayah wuss. Ladies an' Gen'laman, co'tin hab bin werry fashionable fom de earliest ages, an' I 'specks will ebbah be fashionable while the wuld lasts. 'Taint like de fashun ob de ladies close. Faw exampil, sometimes dey has hoops witch makes dem like walkin bee-hibes. (*Spreading out his coat tails.*) Den, at uddah times, dey is faw all de world, jis' like a gen'laman walkin' wif bofe ob his legs in one leg ob his pants. (*Imitating their walk.*)

Ladies an' Gen'laman, I shall neaw take my seat, asshawing you dat de colleckshuns ob de onerous mannah in witch yer recepted dese few demonstrashuns will ebaah send fofe to me a flagrant effubhion witch will hofe aminate an' cheeah me dewrin' my fewchew carriah. (Prolonged and deafening applause.)

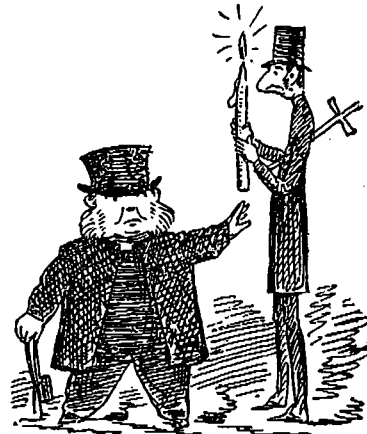
POSTSCRIPT OF AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

P. S.—By the bye, Maggie, have you seen that letter from Muskoka signed H. F. G., in the Hamilton Evening Times? In case you haven't, I send you the following *verbatim* copy of a "dig" which the writer gets off for the benefit of us girls. The poor fellow is awful tickled at getting a meal of beef, vegetables, and wild strawberries for forty cents, and then proceeds thusly: "The table is well provided and the beds comfortable, though the landlord makes apologies about the difficulty of securing adequate help for waiting on table, etc. Why cannot some of our female seminary students follow the example of their New England sisters and 'make expenses' during the holiday season in this respectable and not too onerous occupation?" Ah! why, oh ye thrifty Hamilton folks, don't you turn out your sweet girl graduates, as bar-maids, chamber-maids, and waiter girls to get chucked under the chin at the Brant House, Ocean House, or Rocky Bay for instance? Think of it, Maggie,

what a delightful way of spending the holidays and earning six dollars a month! Flitting hither and thither, the observed of all observers, waiting at the public table, answering the bells of blacklegs and swells, carrying them up shaving water, seeing to their spittoons, pouring out lager for thirsty editors and all such "not too onerous occupations," while the "lords of creation" forsooth, our unqu-while class-mates perhaps, recline on the benches, their *soles* uplifted heavenward, calmly smoking their chibouks. No, thank you, Mr. Hamilton Fossilized Goose, as your initials and sentiments indicate. That kind of thing may do very well for your sisters or daughters or whatever of womankind may be unfortunate enough to own you, but we seminary students prefer "making expenses" otherwise than by waiting table for blowisy fogies at summer hotels.

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

I will expect you by the 10 a. m. train, and between us I think we will be able to find out who F. H. G. is. In haste, sleepily yours,
Muskoka, July 19th, 1882. LALLY.



THE RIVAL CURATES.

Philimore Fag was ruddy and hale;
Decimus Dix was languid and pale;
Dix was neither a wit nor a wag;
Both, and a scholar was Philimore Fag;
Not that what it is equally true,
That Decimus Dix was scholarly too.
Philimore's voice was clear and crisp;
Decimus Dix had the slightest lisp;
Fag's "r" was rough, when "very" he said;
Decimus called it "wevy" instead.
Both were curates at great St. Bay's,
And both devout in different ways,
For both had taken, like rival crews,
Of the same "chart" quite opposite views.
Dix was as "high" as a man could go,
But Philimore Fag was "broad" and "low";
Decimus Dix put candles about,
And Philimore Fag blew candles out;
And so they had, for several days,
Rather a cheerful time at St. Bay's.
But soon its members, a peaceful few,
Were split into angry factions—two;
Just as a "rubber" one's friends divides,
Those at St. Bay's took opposite sides.
Each "Dixite" party some "Fag" offends;
The "Fags" call the "Dixites" "candle ends"—
For Dix has "dips" all over the place,
No candle has "Fag" all from roof to base;
Fag calls each "dip" a "composite" lie,
While "Spermaceti" is Dix's cry;
And the old clerk says, who "tops" the wicks,
"A queer young gent is Decimus Dix.
He soils his fingers, he blacks his nose,
Has tallow spots all over his clothes,
With pieces of wick in every crease,
And all his boots are covered with grease;
And he seems to think a poor old clerk
Wrong, for he says 'Amen' in the dark."
And so both strove in the end to win,
Nor Fag nor Dix would either give in;
Just like a fight o'er the "Dunkin' Bill,"
The zeal of each side grew warmer still.
Shall we, or shan't we Fag's candle rays?—
That was the question at great St. Bay's.